

## Zeus ex Machina

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# Zeus ex Machina

by [TrekFaerie](#)

## Summary

Stanford visits his experiment. It's learned a few new tricks.

## Notes

i want to preface this by saying it's tora's fault

i wash my hands of sin

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*Visiting Experiment 210 today. Fiddleford agreed to look after the creature for two weeks while I finished up my intensive research on the flying skulls. (Their mating habits are... terrifying.) He was supposed to help the Shape Shifter expand his repertoire, so I guess we'll see how he did.*

Stanford finished his cipher shortly before he arrived in the surveillance room, putting his latest journal back in his bag where it belonged. It'd been a very long two weeks, and he wanted nothing more than to go home and collapse on the floor two feet away from his bed. But, he knew that if he skipped visiting his experiment, it would get testy. And it was getting far too powerful for its usual fits.

He noticed a scrap of paper taped to the screen. He took it down and read:

*Stan!*

*The Shape Shifter's doing even better than expected! It blew through a whole pile of National Geographic in no time! Also brought over a whole pile of old fashion magazines my wife had and left them with it! It sure won't learn anything about style from us!*

*- Ford*

It was only when he looked back up and saw the screen that he noticed the problem.

The problem was a naked woman.

Well, obviously, the main problem was that the experiment was nowhere to be seen and a naked woman was in its cage, but surely he was excused for noticing the most obvious part first.

He practically fell out of the decontamination chamber in his haste, tripping over his feet as he hurried to the cage. It unlocked easily, but the woman didn't move; she just stared up at him with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

*What the fuck did you do, McGucket?!*

"I'm sorry, I have no idea how this could have happened, it must have been a mistake," he said, not even beginning to care that he was babbling. "But, you're in terrible danger, so we need to act quickly--"

Laughter. Dark, deep laughter.

"Am I that compelling, Papa?"

The woman slithered out of the cage, going into a more liquid-like state before reforming next to him. She ran her hands over her breasts, cupping them, and shot him a lascivious grin.

"It took a lot of tries to get the whole body right, because of the pose," she said, a woman's mouth forming around a demon's voice. "I think I could've done better. What do you think,

Papa?"

"Shape Shifter," he said, almost absently. "Where did you learn that form?"

"I'm afraid Uncle Fiddleford didn't look too closely at the magazines before he left them with me." The creature wearing a woman's face smiled wider than a human naturally could. "His wife does have quite a bit of explaining to do, doesn't she?"

It suddenly grew shy, face flushing a convincing red. "Is it accurate, Papa?" it asked, but its tone was too dry for him to take it as anything other than sarcasm. "I've been working all day on it."

"It's... very lovely, Shape Shifter. Now, if you wouldn't mind returning to your cage--"

"But I want to *play*!"

He froze. They'd played before, of course; board games and songs and other childish things, back when he'd thought of the thing as a surrogate for the son he'd never have instead of a barely controlled monster. But, he was becoming increasingly sure that his experiment wasn't interested in playing Go Fish.

"I don't have time to play," he said. Perhaps if he kept his tone light, he'd be able to avoid an incident.

"Is it my form?" it asked, and though it was still as sardonic as ever, there was an almost crazed tinge of desperation there. "It is, isn't it? I should've known! Maybe this will be more your style."

The plastic space suit and massive hair would've been recognizable to Stanford immediately, even if he hadn't watched the movie with the Shape Shifter almost a few months before. He ran a hand down his face and sighed. "Yes, yes, that's very nice," he said. "Now-- and I'm being very serious-- get back in your cage."

"Not even her..." For a moment, it looked like it had given up... But, not quite. In fact, it looked even more determined. "I got it! You're not even interested in that, are you? I'm barking up the wrong tree!"

"Experiment 210, I order you to--"

"Luckily, the damned hick left behind some other magazines, too."

The man was golden skinned and bleeding through a torn shirt-- *Amok Time*, some painfully, insufferably nerdy part of his brain supplied-- but it just shook its head. "No, no, you're not interested in strangers! You want something a little more close to home!"

It was almost poetic justice, that Fiddleford's was the first form that came to the creature's mind, but he knew that he would have a very hard time looking at his friend later-- at least, not without the memory of his back pressed against his chest, lidded eyes glancing back at him.

"I have no time for this, Shape Shifter," he said gruffly, pushing it away with a gentle shove. "Get back in your cage immediately, and I'll visit you first thing in the morning with a more appropriate magazine."

It sat down on the ground, cross-legged, and put on an exaggerated play of thought, its face scrunched up, mouth frowning, hand on chin...

"Oh, I think I know what you'd go for!" The creature laughed, an almost demure expression on its face. "Now, this will be a true test of my power... The ability to improvise! Now, you'll tell me if I get it right, right? After all, you're the only one who would know!"

It changed.

And then, there was his brother.

Well, no, not exactly his brother. The face, of course, was perfect; but the body was just... off. It was an amalgamation of the men it'd seen in the magazines and the many stories he'd told it about Ford, and to someone with less knowledge, it would've seemed flawless.

It brought its lower lip between its teeth, grinning. "Bingo," it said in a soft singsong. "You aren't as subtle as you think you are, Papa."

But, Ford had that knowledge. And that, perhaps, was what turned the cold fear in his stomach to anger, made his hands ball up into fists and his jaw clench tightly.

"How dare you," he said. "Return to your true form and get back in your cage at once! I'll not deal with anymore of your nonsense!"

"No!"

He fell to the floor easily, his back hitting the ground hard. He barely had time to breathe before the creature was on him, pinning his arms down while it straddled his hips.

"I've been waiting all this time for you to get back," it said, and, somehow, it was stranger to hear its voice out of Stanley's mouth than it had been to hear it from the women's. "I want to show you what I can do! I'm your *experiment*," it spat the word, "remember? You need to keep up on my progress!"

"You don't have to do this,"

"You're right! I really don't."

And then it kissed him.

It felt how getting kissed by someone who usually had a sucker instead of lips should feel, like the flesh was getting ripped from his face in incredibly slow motion. He tried to push away but only succeeded in grinding his sore head against the dirt. He felt dazed from the fall, but the feel of five terrifyingly familiar fingers ripping his pants off him like tissue paper shocked him into reality, and he began kicking his legs as hard as he could, though the monster didn't budge an inch. In fact, it only seemed to make it angry.

"Stay still!" There was a darkness to its tone that he had only heard before during its most violent fits, and it grabbed his arms again and shook him hard, banging him against the ground until he was stunned back into docility.

He closed his eyes.

A grunt of effort made him open them again. The Shape Shifter was moving on top of him, grinding its crotch-- which hadn't changed at all, a hysterical part of his brain crowed, his imitation isn't perfect!-- against his own, staring him dead in the eyes while it did so. He couldn't make himself break away.

Now that it wasn't talking, it was a lot harder to remember that the... the thing above him wasn't actually Stanley. He had never... Hadn't their relationship strained enough those last few years without adding confused teenage hormones into the mix? But, as the old saying went, absence made the heart grow fonder, and as his research grew more and more esoteric and strange, he found himself craving his brother, first who he was, his steadiness, his humor, his rashness and thickheadedness, and then what he was, his broad shoulders, his fingers entwined within his own, the way he never learned that Ford was awake, *always* awake, every time he surreptitiously jerked off in the dead of night...

He was harder than he had been in his entire life, and he couldn't stop the tears from falling.

Perhaps the most unnerving thing-- and it was all unnerving-- was the complete lack of emotion on Lee-- the Shape Shifter's face. It simply stared at him with a disturbing intensity, as if memorizing each hitch of breath and twitch of muscle. All the while, it kept repeating, "Am I doing it right, Papa? Am I doing it right? Tell me, Papa! Tell me!" while holding his arms with almost enough pressure to splinter bone. It'd leave marks, at the very least; purple and blue blotches in the shape of his brother's hands.

He came only because his mind was furiously trying to, thinking that, just maybe, finishing its little "experiment" would make his own finally back off. But, life is rarely that merciful, and the monster merely kept moving on top of him, rubbing against his over-sensitized body until he was crying for an entirely different reason than before.

"Get off! You've finished!" He tried to pull his arms free, but they were still stuck fast. He swallowed hard and turned his head away, unable to bear it. "You... You did..."

It peered at him, lights sparking in Stanley's eyes.

"... Y-You did well, son."

He had it turned back to its normal form and sleeping soundly in its cage by the time he left.

He didn't know how many cycles he spent in the decontamination chamber. He still never felt clean.

## End Notes

The forms taken by the Shape Shifter are, in order: a Playboy centerfold ([http://alafoto.com/listing/displayimage.php?album=329&pid=88498#top\\_display\\_media](http://alafoto.com/listing/displayimage.php?album=329&pid=88498#top_display_media)), Jane Fonda as Barbarella, and William Shatner as Captain Kirk.

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